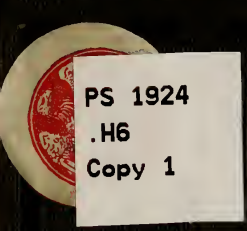
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

LOUIE AND MARIE,

A

TALE OF THE HEART:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES LOUIS HEYDE.

DEDICATED TO THE HEART.

My verse speak for me.

NEW-YORK.
R. P. BIXBY AND CO. PARK ROW,
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JOHN W. OLIVER, PRINTER,
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LOUIE AND MARIE,

A

Tale of the Heart.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Shakspeare.

"Indeed they lov'd."

1.

My soul was sad: indeed I scarce know why,
But something heavy bore my spirits down—
A languor, without e'en the solace of a sigh;
And thus oppress'd I stole me from the town,
Its busy din—and ceaseless roar behind,
In purer breathings to relieve my mind.

2.

'Twas Autumn; and the ether clear and balm,
The leaves fell fast, dismantling the proud trees.
Nature seem'd sadden'd too—the wind was calm,
The river slept unruffled. At this time one sees
And feels a monitor on mortal life,
On mortal passion which makes mortal strife.

3.

'Tis sad, I know, and some like not this part
Of our revolving year; this season telling
So finely on the senses, strikes the heart
At once with heaviness, or either swelling
With melancholy reminiscences gone by,
And brings the tear again to dim the eye.

4.

Well, all may merry live, or they who can.
For my own part I love to moralize
Upon this mighty rolling sphere of man,
His little being—though perhaps unwise
It may be, and no benefit to health,
I gain reflection, some lose more for wealth.

5.

And better thoughts come o'er me; kindlier mind
A charity to those who blindly err—
Pity to them who, fretting, fain would find
Commensuration for a service here.
A smile to those who bless with much conceit,
Yet wanting wit know not their own deceit.

6.

But nature all should love, though some complain
And shun her aspect in this sombre mood;
And yet, perhaps, unjustly I arraign.
Indeed, all minds partake not of one food,
But give it all its due, and all its badness,
They but condemn, because it creates sadness.

7.

The belle decries it and the whisker'd beau,
Trees talk not to such creatures—nor the rock
That rugged rises, deigns obeisance low;
But like a sturdy vet'ran, whom the shock
Of battles hath o'erpass'd, scar'd and time grey,
It proudly stands a monument for aye.

8.

Some call these lonesome—wearied, thus ex-
claim:
Can mortal e'er be lonely, save in heart?
The hills and waterfalls—the pleasing strain
Of bird and bee—do these not start
A new creation on th' enraptur'd soul—
Imaginations—thoughts—beyond control?

9

Loneness in solitude! No, there's a voice,
There's eloquence in every thing that lives;
Not more the birds that in their songs rejoice,
Than the meek plant, whose root medic'nal gives
Health to the frame with sickness pale consumed,
And bids man live when erst he were entomb'd.

10.

The gentle stream hath voice, it speaks of God;
The forest's frown portentous owns his power,
The stone, the moss, the herbage giving sod,
The grain luxuriant, and the lovely flower,

The dew, the rain, the clear, the darken'd sky,
Through which the lightnings with mad tempests fly.

11.

The sun expresses it by fruitful heat,
The moon and stars resplendant, that illume
And steal night out of chaos—the perfume
That fills the air, the harvest and the sheaf,
Garner'd to nourish and give want relief.

12.

To walk with Nature, smile upon her face
When 't joyous beams, or shade it when the hue
Of her green valleys change, and we trace
In the rich colors which the woods imbrue,
Summer fast fading—when the chesnut falls
From its arm'd burr—when the partridge calls

13.

Its covey to the field, or whirring swift
On startled wing flies to the tangled brake;
When as the day declines up comes the mist,
With racking ague damply from the lake;
When daylight shortens, and the pebbled shore
Is trodden by the fisher boy no more—

14.

I love to gaze upon the quiet moon,
Full orb'd, mild, beaming over lake and sea,
O'er woodland, vale and mountain, when the tune
Of fall and ripple make sweet melody.

I love to gaze upon the star-gemm'd night,
When all is dark save their resplendent light.

15.

I love to stand, when tempest madly raves,
And sweeps the earth with lurid scathing flame,
When the vex'd ocean boils in wrathful waves,
And thunder shakes the earth's consolidated frame;
When branch and bough are scatter'd, and the frown
Of clouds terrific the old hillocks crown.

16.

I love to see the storm-king thus in gloom,
Embodied in some black o'erhanging cloud,
As if he came to minister earth's doom,
And wrap at once creation in its shroud;
When all is stirless still—but when it pours,
I love, dear reader, then to be in-doors.

17.

I love to stand when starless night prevails,
And darken'd darkness hides the world from view,
When in some bosoms superstition quails
To shadows, which they flying still pursue;
When the wind sweeps in melancholy moans,
And dell and cave send back its wailing tones.

18.

I love to see the morning sweetly break
With roseate hue, along the eastern sky;

When smiling nature seems throughout to speak
Her grateful orisons to him on high,
When on the ear the not discordant sound,
The ploughboy's hilloa makes the woods resound.

19

I love the evening when the sunset's zest
Fills all the western with a radiant glow,
Like (could we image but those realms so blest,
Methinks such glorious light must therein flow)
A gleam of heaven—reflection of a joy—
A bliss; oh! think, ne'er mingled with alloy.

20.

A bliss eternal—pure—a home where love
May freely flow, nor start with fear and pain;
Where Peace and Innocence together rove;
Where thought is pure, and wish is not in vain;
Where Faith ne'er wavers—where celestial truth
With holy radiance beams—eternal youth,

21.

Health, beauty, rapture, where the song
Of happiness swells joyful—where no sigh
Is known—no tear—no sorrow 'mid the throng
Who there permitted dwell, where thence must fly
Dark retrospection—where these ills of life
Can never enter,—oh! where ceaseth strife.

22.

I love the budding, promise bright-eyed Spring,
The Summer, too, luxuriant in its dower.

I've said I liked the Autumn, when it brings
Its fruit and harvest in a golden shower;
But when the swallow spreads its farewell wing
Sometimes I fain would join its wandering.

23.

I love to tread the forest when the leaves
All shrunk and lifeless at my footsteps lie,
To muse ev'n on their fall, it undeceives
My spirit as to life—'tis certain we must die,
And are we not like these frail leaves that now
Rustle beneath the depopulated bough?

24.

I gaze upon them as they lie in hills,
Or cluster 'long the rail, or striken tree,
Or rotted stump; and all my bosom fills
Toward these poor relics with kind sympathy.
Once to the parent stem connected they had life,
And why not feelings both of joy and strife?

25.

How know we not when thoughtless from the
stem
We pluck the branch, we pain the parent's heart.
Behold the broken tendril; from its core a gem
Exudes, round, weeping. Tears thus start
From the fond mother's eyes, when from her side
Death tears the cherish'd offspring of her pride.

26.

The tree will die—and what can man do more.
It gives its substance, so doth man his power.
True, we superior are, and intellectual soar
Far, far above insensate objects tower.
More knowledge and more sin ; if so be this,
Then ignorance alone can merit bliss.

27.

But this is death—methinks around me lie
The countless myriads of some ages past—
Conqueror and conquer'd—they whose destiny
O'erruled, and bore down empires, till at last
They who were mightiest, who doomed all but death,
Are now the play-things of the rude wind's breath.

28.

And thus are all commingled in one vale—
One common lot—the good, the great, the proud,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the pale,
The red skin, the dark African ; all crowd
In the great sepulchre. To die is given,
But which rests lighter, or which first wins heaven ?

29.

And as I stand and gaze on this decay,
Perhaps some spirit on this world looks down ;
And likewise mightier even thus may say :
How soon, mortality, art thou o'erthrown !

And drop a tear as I do on the past;
Alas! what is the future? hast'ning fast.

30.

To-morrow's yesterday, 'ere we can tell
To-day has gone and reckon of its flight;
And joys high sounding sink into the knell,
And the souls darkness springs ev'n from the light
It lived in—yet some, somehow wear
Fortune and smiles, nor earn them by a care.

31.

I love to see the snow flake gently fall,
Clothing the earth in garb of virgin white,
Capping the pines that still looks green withal—
Stern Winter's rigor; and I love that sight,
The forest glist'ning with its jewell'd arms,
Ice-gemm'd. Oh, winter, these are all thy charms!

32.

I love to seek some solitary haunt,
Where nature frowns in awe and grandeur wears
Her front majestic—where the fountains chant
Their anthems holily—where truth appears
In all embodied—there where few have trod,
I love to steal alone and worship God.

33.

I look'd from where I stood upon the height,
Far down beneath me the proud city lay;
And cross and spire were glist'ning in the light
Of the red glow lent by declining day.
Around it ran the bay—a silvery sheet,
Upon whose bosom swam the idle fleet.

34.

And here and there an armed isle appear'd,
From whence was heard the ev'ning signal gun,
As slow the columns of their smoke uprear'd
In giant forms—or blending faint in one,
Or scattering faded from the distant eye,
To mingle with the elements on high.

35.

I look'd down on the city, and I sigh'd
For shame and sorrow; crime imprison'd there
On broken hearts, lost hopes, and fall'n pride,
The scourge of avarice, and the love despair;
The wounded honor—jealous fame—the will
To serve the devil, if it serve the till.

36.

Where mingling with this most unhappy sum,
Pleasure runs frolick side by side with grief;
And thin starvation will close neighbor come,
And huddle against luxury—that chief
Of despots, who must brunt the envious poor
That lay like Lazarus at its princely door.

37.

A river flowed between me and the town,
Yclept the Hudson, sweeping to the sea
On its rock channel'd bed—with the frown
Of crags o'erhanging bold and loftily,
Imprisoning as 'twere the stream that roll'd
Majestic from its mount environ'd hold.

38.

I gazed upon it as the sea gull flew
Across my sight, and dipt his lazy wing,
Then soar'd away in the expanse of blue.
I marked the oarsman speed with lusty spring
His bark unto the haven—and the grove
Of tow'ring masts, that to o'ertop each other strove.

39.

And with this mighty stream I thus communed:
Roll on, thou river, emblem of all time,
All life. Sometimes as now thou art attuned
By Him, Almighty, to repose sublime,
Or wrestling with the tempest—leap'st to fight
The threat'ning cloud, and drown the scathing light

40.

Of th' immediate flash that fatal throws
Its burning arrows on the hapless earth;
Or else combined—swelling the sum of woes,
By which our mortal beings are accurst,

Leagued with the storm to overwhelm, nor reck
The widow's loneness, or the good ship's wreck.

41.

Roll on, thou river, for thou art the same
That washed the feet of the dark Indian maid,
Ere yet the pale face of her sorrows came;
Ere yet her truth by treachery was repaid.
Proud city, then thou wert not—then the gale
Had ne'er yet fann'd a European sail.

42.

But here the light canoe alone shot on
The spreading waters—here the nimble deer
Fled from the savage and untutor'd son
Of nature. Want could scarce come here,
Nor was man's being by soft ease unmann'd,
Or fatal luxury—they could all command.

43.

For they had all—a world—its hills—
Its forests, vallies, and its plenteous game.
They stoop'd and drank, aye, from their own bright rills,
And slept beneath the sky, as it became
Their hardy bearing; and they fought and bled,
Held councils, treaties, and could love and wed.

44.

Where are they now? river, canst tell me where?
Thy waters all are sinless of their graves.

Ah! who to fate's decree must next prepare?
Who next shall fall as they have, when thy waves,
Perchance may roll ages past ages flown,
Beside a world again to man unknown.

45.

I look'd down on the city, and methought
A hundred years and all that lives therein,
Will to the common dust be lowly brought;
And they who lose, shall wear with those who win
As rich a covering. Thou equalizing grave,
Giv'st no more to the tyrant than the slave.

46.

Thanks to the death for this, if for no more,
Thou bring'st the proud aristocratic head
To lie quiescent by the rugged boor.
There pedigree is humbled; in thy bed
Is tumbled, side by side, the king and peasant,
Nor shrinks dead royalty, though living 'twere unpleasant.

47.

A hundred years a million changes bring,
In fashions, modes, forms, follies and, what not?
In dynasties, for Time, the eternal king,
Shall raise up empires, although some will rot;
And ere his mantle hath forever cast,
Make earth one vast republic at the last.

48.

For there's a spirit which no slumber takes,
Though lull'd to silence over half the world;
But when from lethargy at length it wakes,
Then by its fatal earthquake will be hurl'd
The rule of despotism, and its chain,
Shall riven be nor close on man again.

49.

Blest Liberty, 'tis thou. I see thine eye
Glance kindling into vengeance when alone,
The daring soul heaves forth its prayer on high,
Yet mayhap startles at that voice—its own,
But gathers in its secrecy the might
Of freedom, swelling dreadful in its right.

50.

A thought! 'tis spread—around the living ring
Of sense and feeling, swift as sense it flies.
A thought! what is't—a breath, the moving wing
Of th' spirit God—which like him never dies.
Oh, mighty power, all-daring wondrous thought!
What changes in the world hast thou not brought!

51.

Thou'st o'erturned empires even with a breath,
Made the proud monarch tremble on his throne;
Thou weav'st the conqueror's victorious wreath,
Ere yet his blood stain'd victory is won.
Thou smit'st the slave that basely bends the knee,
And wild he leaps—at least in thought he's free.

52.

I love to look upon the infant's gentle face,
Smiling in all its purity and peace;
Beaming with true instinctive love and grace.
And when the mother's breathings o'er it cease,
Or heave scarce audible, as gently sleeping
She o'er it with wild ecstacy bends weeping.

53.

I love to gaze upon them both, they seem,
And are sweet innocence and love conjoined;
And as thus watching wistfully its dream,
She from its slumbers deems its fate divined.
Oh! what can equal the enraptur'd light
Of her fond eyes that gratitude makes bright.

54.

I love to see the smiling child, in joy
Cling to its parent's neck, and pillow soft
Its tender cheek thereon. Oh! this can never
cloy.
It is a pleasure pure. But, ah! too oft,
Too much, perhaps, adored, 'tis borne away,
And mem'ry's pang alone is left to play

55.

Upon the feelings with its pining power;
And yet who would forget that ever-lov'd
With wholesome heart? Oh! in that lonely
hour,
When all the world is from the soul remov'd.

'Tis somewhat blest again to backward bring
The heart's lost flowers, even though withering.

56.

I love all things most lovely—no ways strange,
Reader, thou'lt call me; nor, indeed, am I.
But many trav'ling in this world's wide range,
Life's humbler flowers will pass unnoticed by,
And some ambition fired, gaze only on the sun,
And wear, but a sear'd vision—that race is run.

57.

And then they look on life with humbler gaze,
And many a gem despised, recall and prize,
And many a rankling vainly would erase,
Which to be quelled were to be again unwise.
Withal they learn, regard to much they miss,
While seeking after fortune's bawdish kiss.

58.

But I digress; I have a tale in view,
In this, perhaps, my unharmonious verse.
But whether in its measure all untrue
Or not—I cannot—that you must rehearse.
Time is not mine, and fate to me hath will'd
A poet's feelings to a field untill'd.

59.

Where something good may spring up 'mong
the weeds,
Through which the friendly eye may seek and
glean,

And think itself repaid, although the reeds
Of discord flourish most—they may not screen
The modest flower that scarcely dare appear,
Where education's tillage comes not near.

60.

The mind! the mind! the diamond though in rude
Unpolished crystalization; yet perchance,
A flint struck off discloses 'neath its crude
Covering, the million lightning's glance.
But wanting yet the lapidist's nice skill,
It holds within its breast its beauties still.

61.

Then, friend and reader, know I do not scorn
The critic's censure, though something hard
This heart of mine, my share of ills I've borne;
And though I'd rather they would not discard
My homely measure, and hope they may commend;
Yet crush'd I will not be, even if condemn'd.

62.

Nor can the erudite tell me more
Than what my natural intellect conceives.
I know mine error, yet withal I soar,
Believing that my muse not all deceives.
I have the will to win perfection's grace,
But stern necessity forbids it place.

63.

Those hours (when toil a sweet respite is given)
To me one sole enjoyment e'er bestows.
Say not it is a vain one—lent from heaven,
Is the pure rapture that the poet knows.
Soul wed to Poesy—at midnight hour
We hold communion sweet—be this my dower.

64.

I ask no more, wealth has for me no charms,
Nor would I touch her coinage, but to give
Unto the needy my small mite, an alms,
And comfort unto those who of me live.
I ask but this, and of my race good will,
Fortune to all the rest give what you will.

65.

But to the point, I'll tell a tale to-day,
O'er true ; 'tis pregnant in my teeming brain,
Whence passions faithfully I would portray
With feelings charitable, just and plain.
Beings have lived as these of whom I sing,
Then deem them not alone imagining.

66.

And, oh ! their spirit lives in breathing forms,
From time remotest, heritage of life,
To make up its tranquilities and storms,
Its love and hate, jealousy, bliss, strife ;
Nor yet expires though cold the bosom grows,
In which it swell'd with all its joys and woes.

67.

But lingering on earth, a thing of death,
Mingling with heaven; an all resistless charm,
Proceeding, pain-fraught, with the sweetest
breath
That e'er could grief assuage or rage disarm,
Springing from glance to glance with magic
power,
Nor fades when banished from its belov'd bower.

68.

Beneath the silken lash that encurtains
The soul's bright index, there it brightly beams,
And owns creative might—enthron'd, its reign
Extends o'er hearts—but mark, though light it
gleams,
A spark—no more—electric like yet flaming
Soul, sense and frame, with ecstacy past naming.

69.

And this is love; what were the world without it?
A chaos all—it is the light which sprang
At the omniscient bidding, and about it
Grew into day—while through creation rang,
From cataract, breaker, surge and shore,
Mount echoing back one universal roar.

70.

And all lay quiet—then uprose on high
The gentle murmur of the fount and stream,

And zephyr sighing, while along the sky
Earth's bright plum'd minstrels flying shook the gleam
Through their gay wings, and the abyss and grove
Swell'd the sweet symphony of light and love.

71.

Light is the love of God to earth and earth's,
And love is light that chaos to illume
Of the heart's loneness, where with a thousand births
Spring melody and beauty to attune
Harmonious feelings; yet, alas, will night
Oft-times come darkening all its lovely light.

* * * * * *

72.

They grew in childhood the fair-faced Louie,
And gentle, winsome Marie—a pair
Of form and countenance we seldom see.
In childhood's time they mated joy and care,
And lov'd with unsophisticated feeling.
A bud it was to future blossom stealing.

73.

They ran together on the dewy lawn,
Or roved beside the brook and watch'd the bee
Extract its sweets, and mingled at the dawn
Their voices with the songsters' melody.

Thus hand in hand or following close, they drew
Together their young life—love, sorrow too.

74.

At eve they knelt together, clasp'd in prayer
Their tender hands—apart they're seldom found,
They liv'd a life an angel well might share,
Such joy and happiness their bosoms bound.
No discord marr'd their days, for she was kind
And gentle—he to please her framed his mind.

75.

When she grew sad or sick, he sat beside
And watch'd the fever of her cheek and eye;
And she likewise, when his pale form was tried
By fell disease, would heave the piteous sigh,
And mourn lest death should ruthless come
between
Their sweet companionship, and cloud its scene.

76.

Ah, why could not life tarry in these years,
And time be clip'd of his untiring wing?
Or why futurity brings only tears?
For passion strengthen'd will for ever bring
Those deep emotions—rooted in the soul
Like the strong oak, clouds and storms may roll,

77.

And lightning strip its trunk, yet still beneath
Its tendrils cling and twine with living grasp,

The first soft shoots that bore it like a wreath
In its upspreading—stubborn in their clasp,
And swell'd by time, hold their affections firm
Till death attack, and all is but the worm.

78.

Cousins they were—cousin! it is a name
Sweet sounding, kind, endearing; not so near
The tie, as to forbid the livelier flame
Of something than relationship more dear.
Cousin! 'tis opportunity's kind friend,
And oft makes troubles that are hard to mend.

79.

And by this gentle tie conjoin'd they liv'd
In the sweet intercourse of life and heart,
For he by death of nearer ties bereav'd,
Was left an orphan, and in duty part,
And pity towards his friendless state, did he
A home and parents share with Marie.

80.

And he was poor and thus dependent left,
Too young to know and feel his abject state;
And though of wealth and kindred near bereft,
He knew repining not nor could create
A happier wish—divined not that which now
Gave comfort—hence would create all his woe.

81.

Her sire was wealthy, haughty, and he mov'd
High in the world—he but observ'd the boy

As one whose features oft and much approv'd,
Which promis'd much—he would then employ
One teacher to the twain—they learned together
The same their studies sister like and brother.

82.

And thus they wore along a happy part
Of life—some years had speedy flown,
And they were older; then began to start
A stranger feeling than they erst had known.
They less embraced each other, and her eye
Would sometimes falter; and the crimson dye

83.

Of modesty suffuse her tender cheek,
When he would press his burning lip thereon,
And when his eye so eloquent would speak
The strong emotions which he felt grow on,
When looking in her face—he only knelt
Idolatrous with the deep thrill his bosom felt.

84.

And in their youthful plays less often he
Was chosen from the envious circle round;
And when another sometimes joyfully
Beside her danc'd, he felt his bosom bound,
And his young heart leap, as if 'twould spring
Away forever—or else withering

85.

Crawl into coldness and a deep despair.
Thus when her eye its winning smile would lend

Delight to others favor'd—he would tear
Himself away and meditate the end
Of his young fate; thus sadly steal alone
In melancholy—till—it was the tone

86.

Of her sweet voice, breathing soft his name;
Then bright his eye grew, when with mild reproof
Would Marie dispute he was to blame,
For pining from the joyous scene aloof.
Then reassur'd he'd beg forgiveness o'er,
And love, oh! could he better than before?

87.

At last will time make changes, and they found
A change o'er all, for parting came at last,
And he was doom'd to leave those scenes which round
His fond heart had entwin'd so firmly fast.
And, oh! it seem'd as if his soul was riven
From life, not only—but the hope of heaven.

88.

In bolder studies to pursue his way,
Was he now doom'd to wander, leagues afar,
For youth, 'twas told him, could not last; to-day
It puts forth promising, but ere the car
Of the sun's light hath run its duty round,
Man, age and life are spent; but this he found

89.

Of no consolement—then ambition wreathed
Its garland o'er his brow, the voice of fame
With stirring spirit, too, upon him breath'd,
And immortality inscribed his name.
Proud honor—merit and the world's acclaim,
His country's good—the patriot's godlike aim.

90.

Yet dimly all appeared—his sicken'd soul
Pain'd with the thought of parting, could not feel
A loftier inspiration—the control
Of one deep passion only could reveal
A haven for him—a calm Elysian bower.
Marie, his own—her love—a priceless dower.

91.

Such thoughts grew on him, although unmatur'd
Yet old enough to feel the stronger flame.
I cannot tell all that his heart endur'd,
The utter loathing of his doom, that came
Like something blasting every thing most dear.
As one death-sentenced, he beheld draw near

92.

The day of parting—'twas a smiling morn,
And nature beamed from every grove and hill,
With sunlit face. He was indeed forlorn,
And with sweet Marie, beside the rill
Where oft they'd wander'd in a happier hour,
Ere yet the cloud began their joys to lour.

93.

They visited each spot—he looked on all,
Each moss-clad stone, each tree and lovely flower
Rear'd by their hands ; oft would he these recal
When far away. Then placed by memory's
power,
Again before him he would dream away
Past days of innocence and infant play.

94.

Each shrub sent forth its perfume to his sense,
The bright birds carol'd joyful in their song,
The fav'rite spaniel crept behind the fence,
As if that parting he would fain prolong.
He gazed around—the butterfly, the bee—
All had a voice. They whisper'd Marie.

95.

And here they parted. O'er them threw the oak
Its spreading shade ; they stood with tearful eye
And gaz'd upon each other ; neither spoke—
Emotion govern'd even the struggling sigh.
He clasp'd her hand, and to his lip caress'd,
And o'er and o'er his kisses on it press'd.

96.

Yet spoke not—oh ! he dared not, for his soul
Was in his eyes, the pressing tide but stay'd
One little word, ere spurning its control,
Too much the girl might have his heart betray'd.
But gently round her slender waist he threw
His arm, and to his swelling bosom drew

97.

Her yielding form—one kiss—no more—
One was enough like that, he grew upon
The ruby feature with the agonic power
Of hapless love, of parting, and as one
Whose life was in the spirit which he found
Living amid the pearls and rubies round.

98.

A parting kiss of true love; one that Time,
If ere he linger in his course, should stay,
And give it measure—one that sounds the chime
Of sorrow, rapture, hope, despair—not vain,
Although the more the loving, but the more'
the pain.

99.

For these two feelings we may not divide.
Pain is love's very essence—'tis the proof
Of true devotion, and may never hide
Its anguish, though from its charm aloof
It lonely pines; for even there 'tis seen
In the very action beneath which 'twould screen.

100.

Still, still he press'd lip to lip,—heart to heart,
Love's passion feeding; 'twas the last, till when?
He knew not, years might doom them hence
apart.
Alas, he ne'er might press those lips again.

And thus upon her lips his soul did prey,
Until he drew almost her life away.

101.

There's something in a kiss you'll own, but I
As lief would press the lifeless stone as some
Who put compulsion in't, perhaps to try
The appetite and keener urge it; but come
From what impulse it may, there's in it little
bliss.
Reader, 'tis something to know how to kiss.

102.

Then smile not, ere you perfect learn the art.
You first must love, and as you love you'll grow
In its perfection. Judge from this the heart,
Ye who would a true suitor's spirit know.
'Tis a criterion sure—but kissing all in common,
To try who loves most I advise no woman.

103.

For woman's lip should sacred be to those
Who claim the privilege by birth or marriage.
Pure as her mind or as the spotless snows
That cap the Alpines; for it may disparage
The worth of her whose lip too free is given.
But to a lover freedom is forgiven.

104.

He's gone, and all is dull to sense and view.
The flowers have faded, and emit no more

Their grateful incense. There's a discord, too,
In the bird's tune—the reigning charm is o'er.
He's gone—she lingers still—and sadly steals
Prophetic thoughts of what time next reveals.

105.

She pined and sicken'd, and a fever fell
Upon her lovely form, more beautiful to seem
In fearful loveliness—when flush'd the spell
O'er her soft cheek, and kindled in the beam
Of her deep lustrous eyes—she wander'd then
And rov'd with her lost play-mate once again.

106.

Death came, but mercy pleaded well on high,
And the grim tyrant baffled left his prey.
She slowly mended, and when first her eye
Knew true beholding, it around would stray,
As searching something till remembrance gain'd,
Then tearful trembled—closed—by mem'ry pain'd.

107.

But kindness and a loving group around,
Warm'd her chill'd spirit into life anew;
And she was young to perish from that wound,
Though piercing deeply—now they truly knew
Her heart's deep ailing, for she breath'd his name,
When with delirious fits the fever came.

108.

And he, oh! where was he? far, far away,
Among strange faces, manners, forms and tones.

Ah! now how prized the charms that yesterday
Fill'd up his being, and at first bemoans
His soul its desolation, but companions there
Were wanting not to banish his despair.

109.

He heard but of her sickness, as her state
Grew better; but he much and oft would weep,
And deprecate his birth and cruel fate,
That from her side his faithful watch should keep;
A little longer and there came a letter,
In her own writing, telling she was better.

110.

Scarce had he read it ere he sat him down,
With pen in hand—such an epistle wrote
Of love, and truth, and rapture; 'twas the crown
Of love's inditing; then gain'd hers by note,
And wore it next his heart—beneath his pillow
Lay it to dream of her, and of the willow.

111.

A little time one came from Marie's mother,
With good advice as to his future course.
This reck'd he little. In it was another
From Marie, a few lines, telling her no worse,
Fraught with much hopes that he good friends had found
Among the strangers that might him surround.

112.

He grew amid his studies, and the smile
Of sweet companionship ; 'gainst which 'tis vain
For the human heart long to contend, which wiled
His bosom of some portion of its pain.
Besides another life around him grew
Strange to his senses—not unpleasing—new.

113.

And thus he lived, and o'er the classic lore
Ran with apt mind, and something too he learn'd,
Which knowing pain'd him, when his state before
His vision open'd with true light, then burn'd
Within the misery of dependent feeling,
Till with vex'd thought his very brain was reeling.

114.

But reading much he learnt that some had gain'd
From lowliest lot, proud station and great worth,
That not by wealth was honor best attain'd,
And merit sprang not always from high birth.
This fir'd his soul and lit anew the flame,
But oft despondingly and humbling came—

115.

Dependence! grant me to live, aye, be it i' the air.
Transplace me, heaven, if thou wilt, to a den,
And let me with the savage tigers pair,
And live of them ; but oh ! to beg from men
To feel the misery, the abject state
Of poor dependence, is much worse a fate.

116.

I'd rather live in solitude, and draw
My sustenance from nature's hand alone;
Yea, hermit like; or wander where no law
Hath made possession—there all is man's own;
The stream, the fruit, the game, my honest word,
Fed by himself the savage is a lord.

117.

Time fled along, and he much honor won,
And bade fair to outstrip e'en old compeers;
And oft he wrote to Marie, but one
Epistle back receiv'd—this waken'd fears.
He did not doubt her—no—but something still
Troubled his spirit with unquiet will.

118.

Her sire commun'd with him sometimes by note,
And Marie's mother now and then a line
Of counsel and kind enquiry, had wrote;
And means were his that he might not repine.
But Marie's silence smote his ardent heart,
Then would the orphan feelings wildly start.

119.

He felt indeed alone, but in him grew
At the same time, the deep resolve to win
Such merit from the world as well might shew
Himself at least not worthless, nor the sin
Of base ingratitude to those who fed
His soul with every chance by fortune bred.

120.

And then a hope sprang also, that his name,
Ennobled by some deed, heroic wrought,
Might give him right t'advance his early claim,
Which he with so much constancy had bought.
At least by merit he might then aspire,
And fearless woo his soul's first deep desire.

121.

He now beheld the difference in their lot,
An heiress she to millions; he alone
Within the world, without the smallest spot
Of its broad surface he could call his own;
And thence not altogether false, he deem'd
Their broken intercourse the cause, which seem'd,

122.

As 'twere to stay the mingling of their hearts,
Ere yet the passion would defy control;
Nor reckon'd they its roots so deep, as starts
Down deep in earth, when the upshooting's stole
The flowerets' roots, so deeper grows in strength
The bud-nipp'd love, until made firm at length.

123.

By time matured, 'gainst every blow upbearing,
'Twill bloom despite the cruelty it found;
Or else uptorn, perish, yet dying wearing
The bud it sought to cherish; thus around
The heart the stricken buds of love will grow
While throb is left or life therein shall flow.

124.

Years, tardy years, roll'd on, and when he sought
To gain a look at his lov'd home again,
Some well lamented plea was ever brought
Denying; something whisper'd him in pain.
Alas, that he would never more behold
Those scenes which on his vision brightly roll'd.

125.

Yet meant not this the sire of Marie,
But by thus sundering in youth the twain,
He sought t'estrange their feelings—he'd not agree
That love was wealth enough—'twas plain
They lov'd each other—time he deem'd would cool
When absence aided, love was not of his school.

126.

Proud was he of connexion, and this form'd
The impulse of his actions, and he saw
In Marie the acme promis'd—all that warm'd
His soul; she grew indeed without a flaw,
In stature, grace and carriage, form and feature,
To pain men's hearts a truly lovely creature.

127.

Years had roll'd on, the girl to woman nearing,
Came like a glowing thought upon the sight—
A rare conception—or a light appearing
On the sear'd vision's solitary night.

The sky at sunset, or the radiant glow
Of smiling morn—her voice had sweetest flow.

128.

Where'er 'twas heard, like a rare melody,
It wrapt the captivated sense and feeling;
Gushing from her rich soul's full harmony,
Like the breath of an enchanted lyre, stealing
With perfumed sound, touch'd by a seraph's hand
Of golden strings at heaven's own blest command.

129.

And when she spoke there started to her lips
A row of pearls, again that quickly drew
From the observer's tempted glance that sips
The sweetness which o'erburdening there grew.
Her eyes they wore a beam; some power reveal
To me one glance of heaven! that I may steal

130.

Some ray superior to our clayey hues,
In meet comparison! now eyes to me
Are much a study; in them I peruse
The soul's great principle, and you'll agree
That traitor like, they oft betray the thought,
Despite the will to hide it—thence is caught

131.

The lover's hope—his rapture—from a glance
More eloquent than words. Oh! truly blest

Is he who gathers, by some kindly chance,
The sequel of the suit he fain had prest,
Yet check'd by fear, breathes but one little word,
The downcast trembling eyes tell, ere is heard

132.

The faint reply—his fate. Thus her eyes spoke
A language heavenly, such as mortal ne'er
Could all interpret, from them gently broke
Such light, that gazing was but to despair,
And yet love on, a ray to them was given,
That by its charm the soul would soar to heaven,

133.

And speculate 'mong stars and angels; then her brow
Beam'd full of rare intelligence and grace;
And o'er its arch, whose whiteness gave the snow
A shade, the riv'ling curls would sportive chase
Each other off, as envious each to gain
A look into those eyes of love and pain.

134.

And down her bust, profuse yet softly roll'd
The curling treasures, and oft by the wind
Assisted, one enamor'd tress would fold
Its shining form upon her breast, or twined
With fond embrace around her neck so fair.
Oh, envied tress! thy bliss who would not share.

135.

Her small white hand with tapering fingers, ran
O'er harpsichord, with touch of matchless skill;
While lent her voice its melody—to man
Not only rapture giving—she had a will
With these perfections, and such kindly grace,
That envy fled the sweetness of her face.

136.

She was by all beloved—e'en womankind
Forgot they lost their empire, when she came
And freely own'd her right by form and mind.
Thus pleasing all—hers was indeed a fame
By few acquir'd—her birth—her wealth—her tone
To all so kind, the poorest e'en could own

137.

Her favors. She lived a blessing unto all,
And deem'd they her most blest by parents rare
In fond indulgence, but to few could fall
The like advantages, such anxious care
As was on her bestowed, and judged they peace had found
Within her heart—a throne to be forever crown'd.

138.

But oh! a thought of something past would steal
In sad disquiet o'er her gentle soul,
And often would her bosom keenly feel
Its hidden anguish, when the tide would roll

Of young affection—started by a word—
A look, a tone like that she once had heard.

139.

And as by brook and bower she often stray'd,
The tears would gush into her pensive eye,
For him who often here had with her play'd;
Or stood to watch the sunset's varying dye,
When hand in hand they clamber'd up the hill,
Ah! then with agony her breast would fill.

140.

But thoughts like these, she felt she must not now
Give freedom to, for well she knew her sire
Had struck, he deem'd, a most consummate blow,
And pleas'd he was to see that flame expire
Of foolish girlhood; and she bent to him
As an angel bends unto its God: no whim

141.

Of passion rose, to give the smallest doubt
But that the quiet of his hopes was sure.
He saw not all within—the all without
Was his ambition's swelling sinecure.
But one desire his sterile soul might fill,
Herself the sacrifice of that proud will.

142.

Now Louie he had grown to manly form,
And well adept gain'd merit over all;
And this she heard with feelings the most warm,
And as still higher honors at his call,

As 'twere came rushing, would embrace a hope
That fate might give him opportunity to cope

143.

With those who throng'd her steps; and oft when night
Had shrouded earth with silent, sweet repose,
While slumber came to others' weary sight
She sleepless dream'd—it drew nigh to the close
Of his collegiate course: she wonder'd then
If he permitted might return; and if so—when

144.

He returned, how he would look, ah! if he lov'd
Yet well? Alas! his name was almost lost
Where once it freely rang—for it behoved
Their purpose e'en that mem'ry should be crost,
And only glean'd she from her mother's tongue
The weal of him she cherish'd when so young.

145.

But suitors press'd around, yet none could start
More than respect or simple like within
The object which they sought—her radiant heart;
Nor press'd her sire as yet the favoring
Of any; for of all, he none had found
Whom he could deem were worthy of the sound

146.

Of son: many of his own rate were there;
But he aimed higher. Ah! one came at last—

He was the jewel which his ardent care
Long coveted; and he won much and fast
On the sire's heart—the stranger too was mov'd,
When he beheld so much to be belov'd.

147.

But pride fill'd up his being most of all,
To win what many had so fruitless sought—
To wear her as an ornament—to call
Her all his own, by his high station bought.
She pleas'd his fancy, but the charm which most
Wins woman's heart—of loving—here was lost.

148.

Too well he lov'd himself e'er to allow
An angel even, in his heart sole place.
A courtier skill'd was he, with speech and bow,
Nor lack'd the quality of birth and grace.
Yet valued was so high in self-esteem,
That 'twas but looking—conquest was his dream.

149.

And on all topics he with apt discourse
Could wear his presence well, and nicely play
His thoughts to harmonize with those per force,
Or whom he chose to while his time away.
He had the tack of suiting all occasions,
Not natural but artful in the world's persuasion.

150.

At first he learned the sire's bent of mind,
And learning this, applauded as unknown,

The principle lodg'd in his hearer; would find
To please, and practice every look and tone;
A man of fashion—of the world,—to woman
A source of sorrow great; yet could no man

151.

Touch his high honor; for he knew how far
To advance and then retreat, without e'er losing
The colors that he bore: thus he could war
And challenge censure, for it was their choosing.
He but obey'd civility and politeness;
So inly dark, and yet he seem'd all whiteness.

152.

He woo'd the gentle maid with suasive voice;
But something unaccounted in his tone
And manner made her think him less the choice
Her heart would form; she could but own
He woo'd the sire most, whose will was gain'd,
And but her own consent, the seal, remain'd.

153.

And this the sire approach'd, one day aside
He motioned her—a something in his eye
Startled her mind; yet followed she beside,
Fearing she knew not what. Oft would she fly
Joyous at such a beck, but now there fell
Upon her soul, a sense as if the knell

154.

Of something lov'd was doom'd to greet her ear.
She reach'd her chamber door, her sire alone

Entering with her—he gently reach'd a chair,
Fasten'd the door, and with a tremulous tone
Bade her be seated—took her passive hand,
And placed himself before her to command

155.

Her full attention. Sometime thus he sat,
First looking on her face, then on the floor,
Essay'd to speak—adjusted his cravat,
Then look'd at her again—she trembled more.
A tear sprang in her eye—the father's soul
Rush'd to his own; thrice hem'd he to control

156.

The struggling tide. At length he grew more calm,
His speech then broke: "Daughter," at first he said;
Another effort lull'd the rising qualm.
"Daughter, a while with thee I'd backward tread
Some portion of thy life; what thou to me hast been
All that my heart has hoped, and more I ween.

157.

"And thou hast found indulgence from my hand,
Kindness and love from earliest, tend'rest years.
Nay, weep not, child; thou ever hadst command
Of thine own will; then dry those falling tears.
A father's prayer, a mother's care is thine;
Thy happiness alone the end we would design.

158.

"Rememb'rest thou when sickness o'er thee threw
Its deadly spell, what care from all you found?
Think what perfections thou hast had accrue
To thee. In vain I gaze on all around—
I see none other like thee. Oh! I'd rather
The world were lost to me—prov'd I not a father?

159.

"How oft I've look'd on thee when yet so young,
On thee alone my hopes were ever fram'd;
Thou'st well rewarded all my care; my tongue
But poorly speak'st the merit thou hast claim'd.
But now life verges on—it will be soon
Thine hour of bloom—time pointeth unto noon.

160.

"Something I'd tell thee touching this thy state.
Thou canst divine."—He press'd her hand; she knew
Too well what he would next too soon relate—
Not yet one word of Louie? Oh! there flew
A demon o'er her heart, and crush'd she bow'd
Her head submissive and wept out aloud.

161.

"I'd have thee wed"—a deep hysteric sigh,
And she fell swooning—loud he rang the bell,
But yet forgot secured so carefully—
And fast the household rushing came pell mell

But bolt defying, burst the door at last,
And in they tumbled, then fell back aghast.

162.

Then some brought water—many in their eyes
Had plenty, but not of the right sort;
And salts and nitre floated to the skies.
When she revived, he stayed but to exhort
The greatest care as to her health and keeping,
And left the scene, himself the while half weeping.

163.

The blow was struck—she guess'd too well to whom
Her sire aim'd—next from her mother heard
With somewhat calmness, all her dreaded doom.
But resolute, at first, denied the word
That will'd her soul to darkness, blight, and soon
To the grave, her form, ere life had reach'd its noon.

164.

But now her sire's alter'd glance reveal'd
A care she could not see upon his brow,
And then her mother kind and oft appeal'd;
The man was matchless—more than wealth could show
He'd pedigree ennobling—'twas no idle vaunt;
He had the proofs, he was indeed a count.

165.

Didst thou another love? To this came no reply.
Thou lov'st? ah! no, she dared not now confess
That still her cousin claim'd her secret sigh.
'Twas years since they had met; they could not guess
Why still persisted she denying; but that he
Had woke no flame responsive—now t'agree

166.

That this was argument sufficient, it was plain
Was not to be acceded to;—not love him, why?
He lov'd her—had sworn so, and again
Vow'd he would wed her, or else he would die,
For he by this learnt to be more the lover,
And use some desperation, else 'twas over.

167.

Proud, I have said he was; here first he met
His self-love's wound; and pride now urged him on.
Was he to be rejected, who could have set
His glance on high nobility, and won—
And now to be refused—his state, even
His precious person? 'twas scarce to be forgiven.

168.

To revenge as well as heal his wounded pride,
He inly swore by every art, to gain,
By every sacrifice, the maid his bride;
And soon he found he struggled not in vain.

Moved by her mother's prayer, her father's brow,
Again they questioned—she did not answer no.

169.

And then the smile upon her father's face
Illumed—her mother too laughed loud with joy;
And he, now loath'd by her, would oft embrace
Her hand, and every art he knew employ—
Call'd her his angel, love, his life, a gem
More to be prized than e'en a diadem.

170.

And preparations now went gaily on
Towards the consummation of the nuptial rite;
And she obeyed, as meekly looks upon
Some devotee, the sacrifice—the altar in her sight
Arose profaned—its holiness all fled,
And made a mart to sell what there was led.

171.

Sold! aye, not form alone; but oh! the peace
Of every future hour; for what? a name—
A sound—in what? the world—when shall surcease
Life to remain—yet what should be life's aim
To be but bless'd by blessing—here, alas! was neither;
For oh! the will makes up the sum of either.

172.

And this defied her power—she could not feel
Contrary to her nature—could not love
When love would not abide, nor yet reveal
That hence he might approach; nor approve
Herself adjudged by heaven; she could but say
I give my form but keep my soul away.

173.

To wed and not to love! 'twas a dread thought
To such a soul as hers, that shrunk aside,
E'en from the shadow of pollution. Oh! it wrought
Her brain to phrenzy—what is life thus tried?
Her mother—sire—what were they to her now?
When they would sink the child they loved so low.

174.

And then upon her wand'ring sense appear'd
The form she lov'd—from an illumin'd cloud,
Looking down sweetly on her, as if it cheer'd
And pointed towards heaven; then a shroud
Gather'd before her, and the cold damp chill
Ran o'er her limbs with agonizing thrill.

175.

So sad the case with Marie--with him
Her sunder'd love, the sun shone on his day,

And fast he near'd the peak where clouds ne'er
dim
The light of merit, but where brilliant play
Eternal beams, while 'neath the adventurer's feet
The flash and thunders of the tempest beat.

176.

And thus he grew, while hope most falsely led
His soul; and idly once as far away,
By memory entranc'd, enchantment led
His spirit 'mid his native hills to stray.
Placed in his hand a letter—style and seal—
'Twas from his home—then cautious he did steal

177.

Into his chamber, and with trembling fingers
Burst ope the signet; thus along perused.
Well; all's well—return! he thereon lingers
And reads no more; blames that he has abused
His benefactor by a thought, for well he knew
They would recall him when his task was through.

178.

He trembles with wild ecstacy. Oh yes!
Again he will behold his Marie;
But words are vain his transports to express.
He reads again; but ah! what does he see?
He reads—a wedding, bride, Marie—no more,
And chaos o'er him roll'd—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er.

179.

The dream is past, the slumberer wakes in chains;
He slept in liberty's embrace—why not for ever.
The spell is gone; how little seem the gains
His toil has won; oh! 'twas at once to sever
His soul from action—he stood rooted fast,
A statue changed, in horror's anguish cast.

180.

A while and then he breath'd—a breath as 'twere
The last of life, ere yet the spirit spring
Into eternity, and then despair
Shaded his face, and dark and withering
Fell his sear'd vision on the fatal scroll
That bore the death doom to his faithful soul.

181.

Return! return—to where? to home! what is't?
What means the word? home is but where the
heart
Dwells wholly—be it by the sunbeams kist,
Or in the caverns hollow, where no part
Of day may enter; oh! 'tis where the soul,
Life's magnet, draws us, be it at the pole

182.

Amid the frozen sterile tribes of earth,
Or where the African holds all the heat
The sun robs from the other; where to birth
Springs the rude savage, even from the teat

Inur'd to hardship ; or beneath the skies
Of fair Italia—'tis not where it lies.

183.

The Arab owns it, though the desert o'er
He rove till death, nor stay his courser's heel.
If what he loves roves with him, 'tis the core
Of the world's fruit, wherein in clusters dwell
The seeds of generation—'tis the lonely flower
Within the desert blooming near no bower.

184.

Home's on the mountain—home is on the deep.
Alas ! the aching heart can have no home ;
But as the bounding waters vainly leap,
And straight are lost in the cataract's foam.
'Tis no where—rushing to eternity
He has no home whose heart hath misery.

185.

And thus the lonely one in heart was he—
Homeless indeed. At first he'd rashly vow
At once from this enthraldom to be free,
And flying thence leave no trace to show
His course ; but calm reflection taught him more
Than he divined. True, he'd scholastic lore ;

186.

But would it gain for him a livelihood,
Why, he could earn as laborers do their hire,

The spirit well was sprung; but oh! there stood
A mount opposing, which his eyesight tired
The top to reach, the obligations due,
Were this repaying justly, wisely, true.

187.

Return he would—he'd look but once again
Upon her face, then banish it forever.
Oh! that he might—at least he'd quell his pain
In some great impulse, devote himself never
To be again undone, to some most worthy end;
And die, he hoped, the world throughout his friend.

188.

The morrow came; he hasten'd on his way—
To-morrow, and its sun would light his woe;
To-morrow, and life's dreams no more might play
In cheating scenes before him; never shall he know
Again the bliss of loving; for 'tis true, first loving,
If not the best, is sweetest beyond proving.

189.

He vowed 'gainst womankind; yet could not blame
His cousin if she loved; she had not bound
Herself by word, to fan for him the flame.
If she was happy, then indeed, he found

Some measure of consolement. Ah! but hold;
He knew not how much absence had controll'd.

190.

He'd pray for her; he'd not a single word
Suffer to fall to give the lightest pain,
Wreathe smiles upon his brow; there should be heard
Joy from his tortur'd breast. Alas, how vain!
Though strong the resolution rule the mind,
In proof, how apt it melteth like the wind.

191.

And now he nears the scenes of his young years,
And many a spot he recognizes yet;
More near arriving, now there flow some tears,
And joy is mingling with his soul's regret.
Approaching nearer still, at length he sees
The stately mansion peering through the trees.

192.

He's there—the door is sprung, he leaps to earth.
Long years had pass'd—he treads it once again,
The same lov'd spot—oh! such a moment's worth,
A life's whole round of pleasure—'tis not vain;
It thrills forever, and the fleeting soul
Shall bear it hence beyond pale death's control.

193.

Forms are around him that he still retains
Some memory of; all seems as 'twas of old.
But from the joyous circle one remains,
And now his veins grow in his bosom cold.
His doubts are o'er, he hath no more a part—
Not e'en companionship within her heart.

194.

A thousand questions fast upon him play
With wond'ring, curious glances, and a pride
From many faces beams, which well could say
He was approv'd; and the old servants cried,
And he wept too amid the general scene
Of joy and tumult, nor but this I ween.

195.

She comes not yet; fain would he ask for her,
His trembling heart denies his tongue the power
Yet momentarily awaits; at every stir
His startled eye is turned, again to lower;
While wonder mingles wildly with suspense,
He trembles expectant. Oh! to be hence

196.

A thousand leagues, for all he views but grieves
His tortur'd soul; oh! for one hour alone,
That he might weep the pain his heart receives,
In part away, which might not here be shown—
She comes not yet. 'Tis silence; he is left
Alone at last—lone, desolate, bereft.

197.

With downcast eye ; he sat, and on his hand
His head reclined, bowed in mental pain ;
Nor yet observ'd, as by some magic wand,
The door beside him ope, as softly close again.
And near him now, nor yet disturb his mood,
In all the woman grown, Marie stood.

198.

Could she believe: oh! yes, 'twas him! the same
Ennobl'd countenance of love and light,
Now dark o'ershadow'd, as the cloud-wrapt flame
Smothers in pent-up fires ; or like night
O'er some fair palace hanging; thus his brow
Gather'd in darkness all his grief did show.

199.

Lov'd she him in boyhood, lov'd she him now?
With man's proud impress stamp'd on every vein,
That swell'd with agony ; was't love—I trow?
Ah! more—oh! 'twas idolatry, though vain.
Yes, every feature—all her soul express'd
Himself the object sole, to doom her bless'd.

200.

And there she stay'd, her trembling noiseless steps,
And gazed upon him long and tearfully ;
Then to her 'wilder'd brain immad'ning leaps
The recollections of those hours gone by.

Thus they entranc'd—till, with her bosom swell,
Unconscious rose a sigh, he started from his spell.

201.

Behold! 'twas she; yet ere his speech could
frame,
As reach'd his hand to hers, she grasp'd it, fell
Upon his breast, then burst the pent-up flame.
Ah! now, those sobs and tears can truly tell.
She still lov'd on; he strain'd her to his breast,
And thousand kisses on her eyelids prest.

202.

Did she forget her doom—another's bride—
One little day ere yet that doom was pass'd.
Was she less pure? ah! no, for deified
She was in purity; but nature rose at last,
Superior to her will—the world beneath them lay.
Worlds in each others arms, they cast this earth
away.

203.

Long hung she on his neck; at length she rais'd
Her head, and mournful look'd into his face,
Then shook it sorrowfully; yet as he gaz'd
Upon its sadness love o'er all could trace.
For oh! the pain of her true soul flew
In every feature; all too well he knew.

204.

Again the tears fast fell, again her head
Sunk on his breast; but ah! the moments fly,

Not yet their lips have spoken, but the dread
Of both told startling, fearful from each eye.
At length they sat them down and much reveal'd.
Parted—to meet once more, ere all was seal'd.

205.

Shall I describe the anguish of that night?
Save the eternal sleep no more might bless
With sweet forgetfulness, the thoughts which blight
Their lacerated hearts—oh! night endless—
Morn wilt thou never come?—his couch unpress'd.
And her damp pillow all their woes confess'd.

206.

'Tis morn at last, and swift night's shadows fly;
Now through the lattice brighter yet it peers.
Oh! fatal light, whose brightness comes to dye
Her soul with darkness; what avails these tears.
Now softly bent, she lifts her soul in prayer
To Him who rules and governs all with care.

207.

One hope is left—how small, yet like a ray
Let in some charnel, or to th'imprison'd form
That almost has forgot there beam'd a day
Without its cell—a gleam 'twas through the storm.
How beautiful, yet awful; thus despair
Its brighten'd horror, its last hope can wear.

208.

A thought, a hope, she will address the count
In supplicating tone—tell him she cannot love;
E'en that she loves another—he will not vaunt
Her prayer—the sacrifice will be above
His noble nature; if he still presume,
Hymen, thy couch, alas! will be her tomb.

209.

Fill'd with these thoughts, she hastily array'd
Her person; and descending, quickly found,
And drew the count aside. Time could not be
delayed.
Dissimulation knowing not, she quick unbound
And spread her griefs before him—as a man
Would he still take her soulless form? a qualm

210.

O'ercame the count at this, prob'd in a tender
spot;
But yet as prone upon another, he declined
To yield, but argued joy would be her lot;
Love for him hence she could not fail to find.
Yield such a treasure to another's arms,
Believe a stronger flame his spirit warms.

211.

Unmov'd he look'd on the deep anguish shown
In her sad features—had his heart been there

He had been conquer'd—one fear him alone
Despotic rul'd, the world's vile taunt and sneer;
Not if his life went with it, soul and all,
He would not yield her, nor his word recall.

212.

She left him; something wrong the sire glean'd
From the count's absent manner. Quick was he
To perceive that something new had interven'd,
And from the count as 'twere reluctantly
Gain'd her confession. With angry brow he sought her,
And for the first time words unfeeling brought.

213.

He left her with a forc'd promise made again,
And banish'd Louie from the nuptial scene;
But 'tis the hour they were to meet—shall she stain
Her word again? No! yet as one in a dream,
Unconscious straying, she found her footsteps press
The trysting spot, and her form in his caress.

214.

'Twas a rare spot—a bold crag high uprose
Steep from the river; at the top a bower,
Part form'd by art—part natural bestows
Relief from the sun's heat; there I've whiled many an hour,

Soft verdure grew around—behind the wood-
land threw
Its green arms sighing—the kingfisher here flew

215.

To look down on the waters; here the breeze
would play
In coolness to the sense; and here too at even
The ringing horn hath lent its roundelay
With rock vibrating chorus—hearts oft here
were given.
Oh! could that spot one half its secrets tell,
Romance would yield her sceptre to its spell.

216.

Here oft they'd stood before, and watch'd the
bright
Stars glow above; and when the placid moon
Gave earth its hallow'd and inspiring light,
Her lute and voice would wake the fairy tune,
While sweet enchantment filled the groves
around,
Till earth seem'd heavenly made by form and
sound.

217.

They stood again in their lost bower of bliss—
Lost to them yet; years in one minute roll'd
Upon their souls—joy must they ever miss.
Shall his fond arm no more around her fold?

Shall she not listen to his voice again?
Shall he not live to banish all her pain?

218.

Must the sweet music of her voice no more
Be heard for him; oh! hence he may not think
Of what she once was to him—the dream o'er.
Alas! thus do they meet upon the brink
Of joy's death; must love so sternly tried
By years of absence, thus at last decide?

219.

'Twere less to be dissever'd did they know
Each for the other lived—that no embrace
Should sully either; that their love might flow,
By time and measure undivided; but in place
To feel another should, despite their truth,
Possess the form held consecrate from youth.

220.

'Twas past enduring. Thus they stood embracing,
His one arm circling her gentle waist,
The other round her neck, where the curls chasing
Almost conceal'd it—now to her eyes addrest
His own; they met—what means that alter'd glance,
So fix'd bright beaming? there is a chance.

221.

She spake of succor, a sure refuge near,
Thence we may fly; he trembling pray'd the thought
With upturn'd eye, whose glance a saint might wear.
She pointed to th' abyss above, with fervor fraught;
Lip seal'd she gazing stood—again then spoke;
How calm and peaceful all is there. Thus broke

222.

Her heart's deep purpose. There time will be lost,
Absence and discord come not—joy undying reigns.
Why live in grief? but then a something crost
Her brain—again her eye its fire regains;
Nor shall we forfeit that bright realm of bliss;
Albeit, we rush by violence from this.

223.

For love is but our life; and love, 'tis said,
Is the Great Spirit's attribute; then we but claim
That spirit ours—in death there is no dread,
Except when sin hath scorch'd the mortal frame·
Can loving purely sinful be? ah! no;
Then heaven is found even in those waves below."

224.

They look'd upon each other, words were here
Too mortal—they drank from each other's eyes
The breathing of their souls; nor yet one tear
Was stealing—ah! already in the skies
Their spirits blissful join'd: one thought in prayer
They near the brink, and for the plunge prepare.

225.

The kerchief from her neck—the youth unbound
Securely pass'd it round the form of both,
Then close embracing, sidelong spurn'd the ground—
A whirl—a splash—a foam—a little froth;
The wind swept on the waters—all was still,
And their twin souls bent to th' omniscient will.

226.

Sad end indeed—why did they not defy
The world, and loving as they lov'd live on;
Thus in each other form a world—to die
In all their youth and truth; perhaps was won
That peace they sought, and who shall this gainsay?
Not I, poor mortal—so be it I pray.

ANGELICA.*

1.

She pray'd and lay her down, as wont, to sleep,
A spirit pure as e'er had mortal form ;
Whilom she slept, enamor'd death did creep
To look upon his prey, so young and warm.

2.

For Time had told him of the peerless gem,
Adorning earth with radiance so bright;
Eternity, too, crav'd his diadem,
Another jewel of surpassing light.

3.

The willing tyrant grimly smil'd, and sought
To look upon that classic form and brow ;
He saw amaz'd, nor yet designing wrought
Decay upon its rare, transparent glow.

4.

But wrapt in fondness, ah ! too near he came,
His chilling breath commingled with her own.
A coldness gather'd o'er her lovely frame—
Life struggled but a moment for his throne.

---

* A beautiful girl, who was found dead in bed.

5.

Observing Pity, that true friend of all,
From heav'n a swift wing'd messenger sent down
Too late to save, nor could it life recal;
But shed its light ere her pure soul had flown.

6.

The beam illum'd her mind—she sweetly smil'd,
And ceas'd to live; while to her face was giv'n
That image, which death's power part beguil'd
The pledge of God, that she awoke in heav'n.

Lines to a Pearl on the breast of a Lady.

1.

Pure gem! although no sparkling ray is thine,
Yet thou hast beauty matchless of thine own,
As any digg'd from out the earth's dark mine,
And by the artist's skill more radiant grown.
From ocean's depths thou came, and Nature, sole
Operator, has made thee perfect—whole.

2.

Well thou becom'st that softly heaving breast,
Which, with thy whiteness not unconscious vies.
Thou addest grace—a star might there have zest,
Yet be less lovely—from those speaking eyes.

Thou steal'st no light, but like a virtue rare,
Dost calmly rest as if thy home was there.

3.

Yet oh! by what sad perils thou wert won—
To ocean's bed the fearless diver sprang,
And brought thee up the world to look upon;
While in his ear the roar of surges rang;
And his strain'd vision faded, and his brain
Reel'd with the torture as he rose again.

4.

He peril'd life for thee, and gave his years,
Sunk into age ere manhood o'er him pass'd,
For those perchance who mourn his fate with tears,
They whom his toils supported, ties knit fast
Unto his daring soul—wife, children, friends,
Parents and all, to which life's being tends.

5.

I cannot prize thee as the thoughtless throng,
With admiration covetous, that on thee gaze;
I'd rather thou still slept, where dost belong;
Rock'd in thy shell where more that might amaze
Yet hidden lie—thou'rt liken'd to a tear;
And well pale beauty—thou art won too dear.

Lines to an Idiot Boy.

Poor boy—how dark is all thy soul within—
Thine eyes are open—still thou hast no light;
Yet, in this world of contumacious sin
Thou sinless dwell'st—for in thy mental night
Rules chaos all. Methinks 'tis not so bad
To be as thou—poor, uncompromis'd lad.

What is the world to thee—its passions dire,
Its love and hate, ambition, wealth, or fame?
Thou never may'st from thy dark fate aspire.
And if a touch upon thy heart-strings came
Of feeling—'twas thy rude breast to wring
With tortur'd impulse—or else to fling

On thy lost spirit but the deepest woe.
Yet thou hast somewhat joy—but senseless all;
And thou canst feel—and writhe beneath the blow
Of brutal force. Hapless shall I thee call?
Not if thou 'scap'st the pangs of life's decree—
For sense refin'd is th' essence of misery.

Thou'lt have a grave, when from thy form hath pass'd
Thy all benighted soul. And tears for thee shall flow

Should I survive thee—not that thou hast surpass'd
Life's senseless vision—not that thou may'st know
Hereafter sense infinite—but poor idiot boy
I have a feeling I may not destroy.

Sometimes I look on thee, and would the power
To harmonise thy spirit unto life,
And bring thee even in this very hour
To see and feel all that with being's rife.
How would'st thou feel, when inanition'd shown
The mighty wonders all around us thrown?

Thou smil'st—and wildly rolls thy vacant eye,
Or with fix'd stare of wonder mark'st my speech.
I may not comfort thee—kind sympathy
Is lost to thy unmeaning, senseless reach.
But fare thee well—if thou could'st know, I'd tell
That some do feel for thy benighted spell.

THE FORSAKEN.

1.

'Twas yesterday—or was it yesteryear?
It matters not, however long the time,
The past with me is present—though the tear
Flows for the present, and the chime
Of joy dies into mournful cadence and the sear
Upon my heart is keener, as the day
Of happier hours, steals the new-born away.

2.

For scenes come o'er me now—the tone
Of voices sweetly speaking of the past;
Forms, looks—ah! moments ever to be known
Emotions which but strengthen as they last,
Joys consecrated to the heart alone
Yet even as we musing, dream and smile,
That thought, 'tis past comes ruthlessly the while,

3.

And like a murderer to the sleeper's bed
Who wakes but with the weapon in his heart,
So stern reality with certain tread
Steals on forgetfulness, we may not part
From present anguish though we start
The buried transport in the soul again,
Yet still there rankles all within the pain—

4.

'Twas yesterday—methinks I see her now--
The happy girl, unconscious though so fair,
The bright and speaking eye, th' expansive brow,
The ringlets falling over, oh! 'twas rare
To see so beautiful, so bright a being
Created, moving on earth's leaden wing.

5.

She seem'd as one born of the stars
And sent, sweet minister, to gladden earth.
But why attempt description, it but mars,
For scarce idolatry could speak her worth;
You could not look upon her disbelieving
That heaven was somewhere; that she was of heaven.

6.

That mortal e'er should mate her, seem'd profane
To think of: purity did round her play
And sweetly toned her spirit--she could gain,
With one lone look, both soul and sense away,
Seal with a glance, an impress on the heart,
A thought, a feeling never to depart.

7.

And yet this pure, angelic creature gave
Herself to man, her heart, that priceless treasure,
Rarest of all, to one who seem'd her slave.
Oh yes, she loved, and that too without measure,

While many sadly grew—but though lamented,
She was another's—ne'er of love repented.

8.

For oh! 'tis sweet in loving—though we feel
The object sighed for, we can ne'er attain.
In truth, we may not our affections steel;
Fate wills we toil for that we may not gain.
And though 'tis madness—yet we still adore,
When love is lost and hope can cheat no more.

9.

She wed, and joy seemed hers—but oh, the death
Of all stole even on the bridal hour;
It came infectious, breathed from every breath
The spirit of the cup, its fatal power
Smiled death upon their joys—it knew its food,
And mingled sutly in its victim's blood.

10.

Time pass'd and joy pass'd too; the rose
Had fled her cherub cheek, the brilliant eye
Tho' sad, yet still had brightness; 'twas the close
Of summer's day, and life's short eve drew nigh;
She faded, like the sunbeam with the day,
And envious heaven stole her sweet soul away.

11.

For he had left her—he who swore so well
To love and cherish; he, to whom she fond
And doting clung; alas! the demon's spell
Had drawn his spirit in its fatal bond;

The wine cup and the revel fill'd his soul,
And man fell blasted 'neath their dark control.

12.

Long watch'd she for his coming; oft she pray'd,
Yet came he not—in sadness then she pined,
Repose her pillow fled, by love betrayed.
No rest her spirit from its wound could find;
But now she quiet sleeps, and o'er her grave
The violet creeps, and willow branches wave.

On Hearing a Lady sing.

The unbelieving scorns a heaven—
  I ask not if his creed be true—
But oh! such thoughts those strains have given,
  I fairly deem a heaven I view;—
Wrapt in a dream—if it be so—
'Tis heavenly, sure, such dreams to know.

Methinks, as drinks my list'ning soul,
  I hear a spirit of the Blest,
Soothing each passion's fierce control,
  And sorrow's pang with hope of rest—
Attuning strains of joy and peace,
Sent from a realm where pain shall cease.

Sure, sure—the soul of music dwells
  In happier realms than this of ours;
Oh! yes—I will believe it swells
  In Heaven's own blest Elysian bowers;
I feel it o'er my senses steal
With thoughts I may not all reveal.

And sounds like these that stir me now,
  Or lull my soul to calmness blest,
Oh! let upon my senses flow,
  When wings my spirit to its test;
For oh! I deem—not impious given—
Without such sounds there were no heaven.

TO ANNA.

There is a prayer that few can feel,
  And none may speak.
There flows a tear its grief to tell,
  The heart 'twould break.
There is a thought so heavenly pure,
  'Twould sullied be,
If breathed on earth; 'twould not endure
  Mortality.
That prayer—that thought—to thee I sigh;
But never dim that tear thine eye.

There is a language of the eyes,
Not all may read.
There's a confession in our sighs,
From hearts that bleed.
There is a sign by which we prove
The spirit's truth,
As pain will ever lurk in love,
Like age in youth.
When looks and sighs confess to thee,
May love at last loose misery.

Unto my 'raptur'd sense thou seems't
A form to bless.
Ah! little yet perchance thou dream'st
Of love's caress.
Yet doth he pencil on thy brow
His miniature.
May Heaven avert that ever thou
Should wound nor cure;
Though love will reign when thou art nigh,
Forbid the hope that can but die.

Sweet girl, thou almost win'st my soul
To disbelieve
That Satan ever had control
O'er beauteous Eve.
Transported by thy lovely eyes,
I seem to view
The long lamented Paradise
That man once knew;

For sinless thou as Eden's joy,
Ere came the tempter to destroy.

My lovely friend—wild thoughts are mine,
And feelings strange;
Yet worship I no lowly shrine,
Like those who range;
But where exalteth Truth her fire
I bend the knee,
As now with rude untutor'd lyre
I sing to thee
A strain—perchance in future years
Thou'lt cherish with some secret tears.

Song of the Water Spirits.

We come from the mountain,
We steal through the vale,
From the bubbling fountain
We merrily hail.
And we sing as so lightly
We sail on the stream—
'Tis our voices that nightly
Thus murmuring seem.
We steal through the copse,
Where the hazel-nut grows,

Where the spice gives perfume
To the blooming wild-rose—
Where violets open
Their blossoms of blue,
And butter-cups gather
Their cups full of dew,—
Where the primrose its vigils
So faithfully keeps,
And we start the bright bird
From the stem where it sleeps.
We steal past the youth
When he whispers his vow
To the maid, who in truth
Owns love to him now.
We mark the deep blush
And the trembling tear;
They start, and we hush
Our voices through fear—
Lest we shorten the bliss
Of the lovely and true,
But we sigh on the kiss
Moist with heart-breathing dew.
Away, then, we haste,
Where the waters at play,
Now sportively waste
In the moon's softened ray.
And we dance with the stars
That spangle the tide,
Till the light billow wars,
Away, then, we glide.

We dash up the spray
From the swift waterfall,
Pluck the branches that stray
From the crumbling wall;
For the streamlet we guide
By the ruinous tower,
The relics of pride
And the desolate bower.
* * * * *
But hark! 'tis the wind!
Its echoes are deep;
And the moon steals behind
The clouds to her sleep.
All darkness prevails—
Ah! the storm king is nigh;
Hark! hark how he rails—
Away, then, we fly!
Away to the mountain,
Where dark forests bend;
Away to the fountain,
We hastily wend!
Ere the tempest arise,
And the tall pine is riven,
By the lightning that flies
Destructive through heaven!—
Ere the oak's stubborn arms
Are rent by the gale,
And the thunder alarms
The fell sprites of the vale!

Come sister and brother—
Away, haste away!
In the fountain securely
We'll slumber till day.

On Death.

Whence com'st thou, dread monarch of absolute power?
Say, where is thy bourne when thy triumph is past?
When the soul, like the scent of the fast-fading flower,
Leaves its earthly remains to join with the past,
When the fears of the weak and the strength of the brave,
Alike unavailing are quell'd in the grave?

Eternity's herald! thou comest a blight;
No warning thou givest, nor brooketh delay,
But movest in silence a thief o' the night,
And from the fond heart steal'st the treasures away.
No prayers can deter thee, dread tyrant!—thy will
Is pitiless, ruthless,—thou sayest "Be still,"—

And cold is the pulse, and hush'd is the breath,
When the mother looks long on her idolized
child;
But the calm of those features relieve not—'tis
death!
She shrieks; but that sound of agony wild
Disturbs not the slumberer; her anguish is vain,
It cannot recall that sweet spirit again.

Strange power destroying!—thou comest to
health,
And leavest yet longer the sickly to pine;
You enter the close guarded temple of wealth,
When poverty's door stands open to thine.
Thou comest to want, to plenty and peace,
Yet heed not when sorrow is begging release.

The ocean obeys thee with lightning and storm,
And thousands go down 'neath the mad leaping
wave,
When the foam of its wrath gives a shroud to
the form,
As the strength of the swimmer strikes vainly
to save.
Down—fathomless—down—a prey to the deep,
He sinks as the thoughts of his home vainly leap.

One prayer for the dear ones now praying for
him—
One struggle—'tis o'er—soon tear drops must
flow;

Yet what reckest thou—ne'er, ne'er to the brim
Can thy measure be fill'd,—no spirit can glow
Though mighty its flame; but plunderer thou
Must set thy pale seal where it flush'd on the brow.

Thou comest in dread! when the red tide of war
From foemen is gushing, thy thunder clouds rise,
Through the close wheeling phalanx thou rollest thy car.
Thy lightnings are flashing where tyranny dies,
Where giant oppression upon the dyed plain
Strikes the patriot down who battles in vain.

Thou speak'st when the trumpet is sounding retreat—
Thy wail is above proud victory's cry.
The hero lies prone—nor hears the defeat,
Nor the cause which he bled for in triumph rise high.
And when the dread conflict is over, thy will
Upon the dark massacre lingereth still.

Plague—Pestilence—Famine, are in thy dark track;
Loud Discord—pale Terror—Rage—Hatred—Despair—
Distortionate Pain—red Shame, at thy back,
With eye-starting Horror and consuming Care.

The world is thy kingdom, frail mortals thy prey—
Twin brother of Time—thou thief of to-day.

For ever—ne'er-ending, thou comest to birth,
To youth and to manhood—to beauty and bloom.
The loftiest bearing thou bringest to earth,
The purest and fairest consign to the tomb.
The great and the good, the lowly and vile,
Affect not by merit, nor fraud thee by guile.

Thou makest the widow, and yet from her side,
Most cruel, the staff of her years takest away.
Thou steal'st from the lover his blooming young bride,
And partest the friends that were never astray.
Much sorrow thou bringest, yet wise in decree,
God wills that thy coming we seldom foresee.

A Vision of Hope and Time.

The sun's parting glow yet flush'd in the west,
And threw o'er the landscape a radiant zest.
The bird o'er its brood was spreading its wing,
The owlet awaked from its day slumbering;
The bees' busy hum was hush'd from the air,
The butterfly folded its wing in despair;

For the charm of its life, the beautiful day,
The light of its soul, was fading away.
The catydid cried from the depth of the wood,
Sly reynard stole out from his lone solitude;
And now and anon from the underbrush dark,
The gallant fire-fly was preparing to spark;
And louder arose the song of the stream,
As the stars came peering with twinkling beam,
And fled the last hue from the loveliest sky
That mortal e'er gazed on, to languish or die.

I dream'd of the heavens, of meteors and stars,
Of comets, prognostic of changes and wars;
I dream'd of the days of my youth, and again
Wept over its brightness so transient and vain;
I dream'd of bright angels that, blissful above,
Inherit a kingdom made perfect by love;
And I wonder'd if mortal as sinful as I,
Should there ever dwell and never more sigh.
Then fell my tranc'd spirit adown the sweet vale,
Where haply the peasant now told his love tale,
And a vision swept o'er me, a vision of life,
Of memory, of passion, joy, sorrow and strife;
Methought that beneath the proud mount where
I lay,
A plain open'd broadly—again it was day,
Mortality there had gather'd her host,
While Fame peal'd her trumpet with deaf'ning
boast,

The young and the old were jostling there—
Frank, Moslem and Jew, to be first—unto where?
The goal I beheld, and past it there yawn'd
A gulf, vast and deep, and of darkness profound;
And just on the verge of this secret abyss,
A banner was flung to the wind's gentle kiss,
Spreading proudly and free, it floated afar,
Of glorious shades, o'ertop'd by a star,
Etherial glowing, celestially bright,
Entrancing, yet searing the eye by its light.
I beheld as playful its folds chased about,
The multitude strain with a might and a shout;
For round it a halo a spirit did fling,
'Twas Hope—ah! I knew the bright plume of her wing.
And there, poising worlds on his fingers, sat Time,
Enthron'd in a cloud—eternal—sublime.
Then rose a deep swell, as if the vast sea
Had met and commingled with eternity;
And like the proud waves of the torrent swell'd river,
Rush'd the myriad by to perish for ever.
And there was the warrior on panoplied steed,
With joy on his brow, for his country was freed.
Still onward he rush'd at victory's cry,
And he fell, but 'twas sweet for his country to die.
And there was the monarch who millions enthrall'd,
And the slave and the subject his tyranny gall'd.

By conquest, Hope bade him the universe crave,
And he fell as the slave burst his chains in the grave.
And there was the statesman of consummate skill,
With ambition enough all creation to fill;
Sworn friend to his nation scarce less than his God,
And he rush'd in the steps where the monarch had trod.
The fierce politician came on with desire—
His country, his country—thus blazon'd his ire,
The breath of the banner swept down from on high,
He grasp'd at his office and passed on to die.
And there press'd the lover, devotion in heart;
Alas! that true lover's time ever should part—
A kiss on his lips, a vow on his breath,
Though Hope fann'd his flame Time cross'd it by death.
The mendicant followed with scrip in his hand;
So struggl'd the crowd he scarcely could stand.
Time, pitying saw, and merciful gave
Relief to his wants—a rest in the grave.
And there bent the pilgrim—his hymn rose on high,
His study of life told him death was nigh;
He press'd to his bosom the cross of his faith,
And with hope in his heart thank'd Time for his death.

The maiden pass'd next, her eye on a beau,
The bright smile of Hope gave her bosom a glow;
She blush'd and she sigh'd as the gallant drew nigh,
So perfect her bliss, oh! 'twas happy to die.
And there was the miser, of soul so much lack,
And he bent with the weight of the curse on his back.
"A few hundred more," he cried—said Hope come;
Time frown'd on the wretch, he had gather'd his sum.
I saw a proud mother there lead a fair boy,
The light of her eye told her spirit's pure joy;
So bright glow'd the star, so cheering Hope's smile,
It fetter'd her senses in ecstacy's wile.
A butterfly sported across the boy's sight—
Observed not the mother, as wild delight
He stole from her grasp, and rush'd to his prize;
But her shriek told a tale that hope vainly denies.
And there was the poet, his harp all unstrung,
Lamenting with fondness, close to it he clung.
Too oft had the goddess his proud spirit griev'd,
He turn'd from her glance no longer deceiv'd.
But who can resist Hope's soul-cheering smile;
Unconscious her beam warm'd his spirit the while.

He tun'd once again his soul-breathing lyre—
Again soar'd his spirit with passion's deep fire,
Earth listen'd amaz'd at the glorious strain,
And hush'd the loud tumult to hear it again.
But envious Time by jealousy fired,
Snapt the cords of his harp, and he too expir'd.
And last was a creature of seraphic light—
Of kindliest grace—of purest delight;
With a brow like the morn, an eye like that star,
Hope's beacon so brilliant—she bore a guitar,
A creature of song, of beauty's bright life,
With a soul yet unscathed by passion's dark strife;
So guileless and lovely, Hope pointed above,
For heaven desired that spirit of love.
Stern Time wiped his eye, as her song pass'd away
With her beautiful soul, from its dwelling of clay;
A whirlwind swept on, and nations rush'd by,
Thrones totter'd and fell in wild anarchy,
Proud monuments crumbled, high temples were crush'd—
An earthquake shook life to its centre—then rush'd
Through the chasm of death the tide of the ocean,
By the storm beaten wild in terrific commotion,
With the splash of big rain and the rattle of hail,
With lightning and thunder, the storm-demon's wail.

And there, mid the tempest, defying its shock,
Though Time veiled his face, Hope firm on a rock,
Her banner yet flying, her star through the night
Of chaos, that roll'd, yet darted its light.
And as the wind paus'd to gather more breath,
I heard a deep boom—'twas the signal of death.
A flash from the cloud reveal'd through the gale,
A vessel dash by, without rudder or sail;
And lash'd to her deck and close to her sides,
Her gallant crew clung—still bravely she rides.
A wild shout—there is Hope—as they gaze on that star.
She verges the rock—a loud crash—a deep jar.
She reels on the reef, lurches over, goes down;
And her perishing crew on the billows are strown.
There's gaspings of terror—vain efforts for breath—
Prayers bubbling—deep agonies—struggles and death.
There is rest upon earth—a calm on the sea,
For Time had ta'en Hope to eternity.

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